

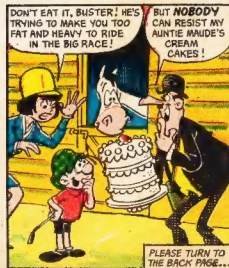
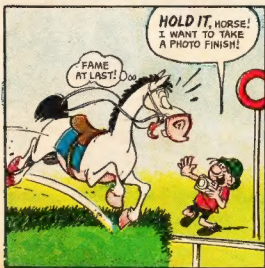
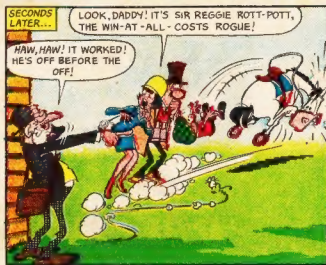
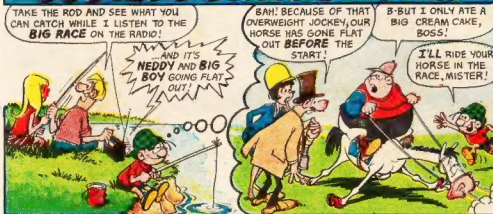
THRILLS WITH GALAXUS THE THING FROM INSIDE!
OUTER SPACE

BUSTER 7d

EVERY MONDAY and Giggle 20th APRIL, 1968

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; South Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; East Africa 1/00 cents; West Africa 1/-; Malta 9d; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1.50; Deutschland Dm. .55; Espana Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. .65; Norge Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. .60; Sverige Kr. .75; Italia L. 120.

BUSTERS DREAM-WORLD



CAUGHT IN THE GRIP OF A WHIRLPOOL, GALAXUS DISAPPEARED BENEATH THE WAVES!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus was marooned on Earth, and although he meant no harm to anyone he was being hunted throughout Japan. With his only friends—two English boys named Jim and Danny Jones—he took refuge on an uninhabited island. Then, frightened by a wild boar, Galaxus fell off a cliff into the sea . . .



EXERTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, THE MIGHTY SPACE-CREATURE FOUGHT TO SAVE HIMSELF . . .



... BUT IT WAS HOPELESS!



IT'S TOO LATE, DANNY—HE'S GONE!



DOWN, DOWN, GALAXUS SANK—WHIRLING TOWARDS THE SEA BED...



A PAINFUL CRY FROM BELOW GROUND ALERTED JIM AND DANNY!

THEN, AS THE TERRIFIC SUCTION EASED, THE SPACE-CREATURE FOUND HIMSELF BEING SPUN TOWARDS A HUGE OPENING IN THE BASE OF THE CLIFF...



SECONDS LATER, GALAXUS EMERGED IN A VAST, UNDERGROUND CAVERN...



GASPING WITH RELIEF, THE TOIL-CREATURE SCRAMBLED OUT OF THE WATER. BUT EVEN AS HE DID SO, AN ANGRY CRAB GRABBED WILDLY AT HIS FOOT...



FAR ABOVE, JIM AND DANNY JONES WHIRLED IN ASTONISHMENT...



THAT ROAR!
JIM, IT WAS
GALAXUS!

THEN HE MUST
STILL BE ALIVE! IT
CAME FROM SOMEWHERE
OVER BY THOSE ROCKS...
LIKE AN ECHO FROM A WELL!

QUICKLY, THE BOYS RAN OVER TO THE CLUSTER OF BOULDERS...



BUUUU-AAH!

THERE IT IS AGAIN—
DRIFTING UP FROM
THIS HOLE IN THE
GROUND!

IT
PROBABLY
LEADS TO SOME SORT
OF UNDERGROUND CAVE!
GALAXUS MUST HAVE
BEEN SWEEPED IN THROUGH
AN ENTRANCE FROM
THE SEA!

COME ON, DANNY—LET'S SEE
IF WE CAN FIND A WAY
DOWN THERE!



BE
CAREFUL,
JIM! IT'S
PRETTY
DARK...

A DAMP, SLOPING TUNNEL CURVED
DOWNWARDS. ON AND ON THEY
SCRAMBLED UNTIL...



POOR
THING, HE'S
PROBABLY
SCARED STIFF!
TELL HIM TO SHRINK
HIMSELF, JIM...
WE CAN CARRY
HIM BACK UP THE
TUNNEL THEN!

DANNY, LOOK!
IT'S GALAXUS—WITH
A CRAB STUCK TO HIS
BIG TOE!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



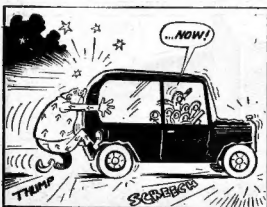
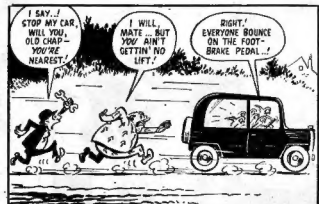
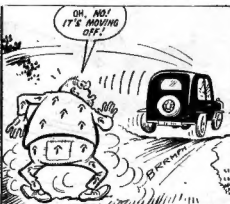
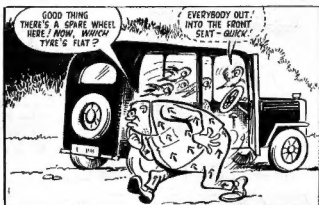
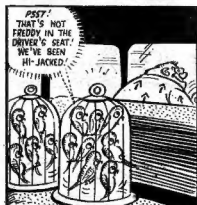
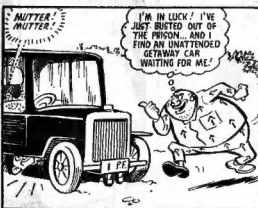
NEXT DAY DAWNED BRIGHT AND CLEAR, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WEEKS, JIM JONES FELT RELAXED AND HAPPY...



THE ASTOUNDING TRUTH IS REVEALED IN THE NEXT ISSUE! BUY IT ON MONDAY, 22nd APRIL!

JUST WATCH FREDDY'S PETS CAPTURE THE LAUGHS FROM A JAIL-BREAKER!

FREDDY "Parrot-face" DAVIES



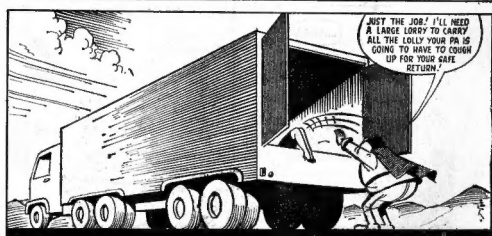
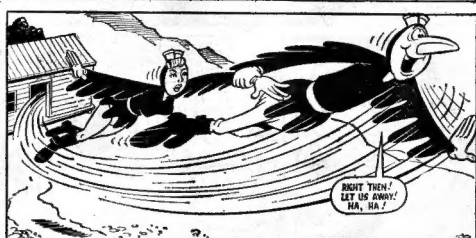
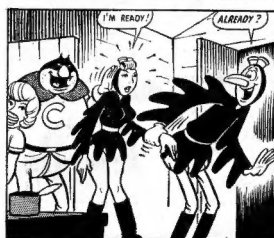
THE BUDGIES TAKE A PLANE TRIP IN THE NEXT EDITION—AND THE SKY'S THE LIMIT FOR FUN!

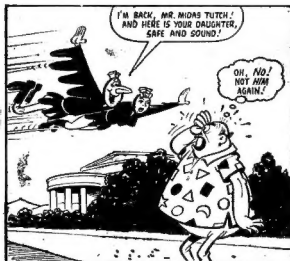
SWOOP'S ALL FOR A CHANGE... BUT THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR CATMAN'S CUNNING!



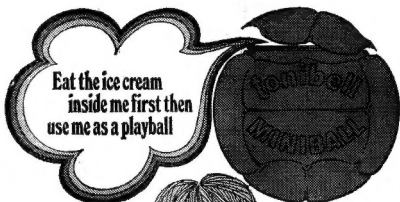
CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT





OUR HERO WILL DISCOVER HIS FATE . . . AND SO WILL YOU . . . IN THE NEXT ISSUE, PALS !



Make the scene with a
tonibell MINIBALL
The fun way to eat ice cream!

Ask for the Tonibell MINIBALL in these popular colours-red, white, blue, green, yellow and orange*. Take off the removable top-dig into the ice cream inside. Oh boy, how you'll enjoy the creamy lusciousness of Tonibell's famous ice cream! Now place the top back onto the empty MINIBALL and you've a smashing ball to play with. Rounders, football, cricket...the Tonibell MINIBALL will give you loads of fun.

From all shops
and vans with the Tonibell
MINIBALL sign.



*Collect your first
set of Tonibell
MINIBALL colours now!

FISHBOY'S HOPES ROSE AS HE REACHED A CARGO PLANE UNSEEN!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy gradually developed webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in England, he set off to find them. Reaching Iraq, he sought refuge in a tank of tropical fish...



THE STRANGE, BUBBLING CALL OF THE FISH GAVE THE BOY VITAL INFORMATION...



WONDER OF WONDERS!
HE SAYS ALL FISH BEING
FLOWN BY IRON BIRD TO
ENGLAND!

AS THE TINY FISH GURGLED A WARNING,
FISHBOY DUCKED QUICKLY OUT OF SIGHT...



FRIENDS SAY
MEN INSPECT TANKS
BEFORE IRON BIRD
FLY! MUST BE
CAREFUL...

WHILE THE AIRPORT OFFICIALS
WERE BUSY, FISHBOY DARTED
OUT FROM COVER TOWARDS
THE AEROPLANE...



UNDERSIDE
OF IRON BIRD
OPEN! FISHBOY
SAFE!

THE LORRY DROVE INTO AN AIRPORT... AND FISHBOY FELT HAPPIER
THAN HE HAD DONE FOR WEEKS...



SOON FIND
PARENTS NOW! IN
ENGLAND, FISHBOY BE
SAFE AND
HAPPY...!



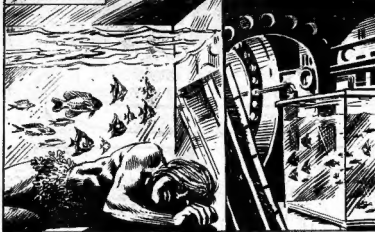
FISHBOY JUMP
NOW WHILE NO-ONE
LOOKING! HIDE IN
SHADOWS UNTIL
DANGER PASS!

RIGHT, CHARLIE,
LET'S GET THIS LOT
THROUGH CUSTOMS AND
LOADED ABOARD
THE PLANE!

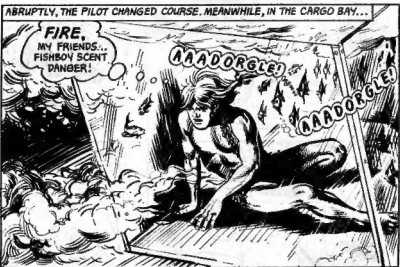
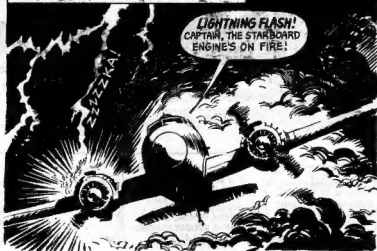
HALF AN HOUR LATER, THE CARGO PLANE TOOK OFF—SOARING INTO A
MOONLIT SKY ON THE FIRST STAGE OF ITS JOURNEY TO ENGLAND...



HAPPILY REJOINING HIS FRIENDS IN THE TANK, FISHBOY SLEPT. STOPPING ONLY TO REFUEL AT CYPRUS AND ROME, THE PLANE FLEW ON TOWARDS NORTHERN ITALY...



THEN, A SUDDEN, VIOLENT STORM SPRUNG UP...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE PLANE CAREERED DOWN INTO AN EMERGENCY LANDING...



NOT REALISING WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THE AIRCRAFT, FISHBOY'S ONE THOUGHT WAS TO HELP HIS GASPING FRIENDS...



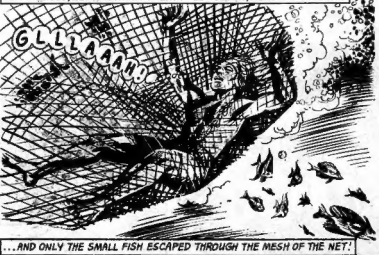
WITH ONE MIGHTY LEAP, HE HURTLIED THROUGH THE GAPING HOLE IN THE FUSELAGE...



A SANDBANK LOOMED UP AT THE FAR END OF THE RUNWAY, AND THE COOL, SWEET SCENT OF WATER RAISED FISHBOY'S HOPES...



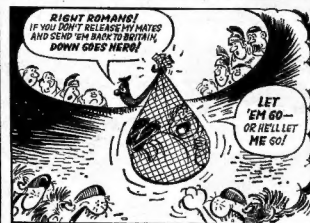
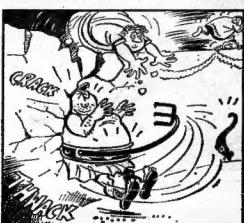
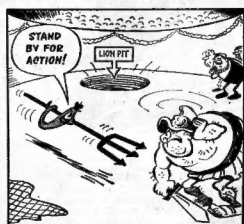
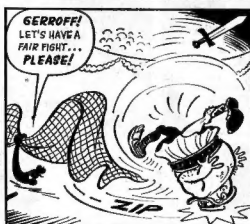
DESPERATELY, HE DIVED... BUT TWENTY FEET BELOW, DISASTER WAITED...



WHAT FATE LIES IN STORE FOR THE ENSNARED FISHBOY? READ ON IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

ANCIENT-BRIT WONDER WORM GRABS THE LION'S SHARE OF THE FUN FROM EMPEROR NERO!

Wonder Worm



AHOY, PALS—IN THE NEXT "BUSTER and GIGGLE" YOU CAN PUT TO SEA WITH A SAILOR WORM!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace



Charlie Peace, arch-criminal of Victorian London, had been tricked into entering a time-machine which had transported him forward to the year 1968. After re-establishing himself in his old hide-out, he decided to continue his career of crime . . .

ONE MORNING, CHARLIE NOTICED SOME NEWSPAPERS DISPLAYED OUTSIDE A SHOP. THE TEMPTATION WAS TOO MUCH . . .



HOY!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO PAY FOR THAT,
YOU ROGUE!

I THOUGHT YOU
WAS GIVIN' THEM
AWAY . . . LEAVIN' 'EM
OUTSIDE FOR THE
TAKING, LIKE!

THE SHOPKEEPER FAILED TO TAKE UP THE CHASE, SO CHARLIE SOON RELAXED . . .



BIG CROWD
EXPECTED AT TODAY'S
STEEPLECHASE
MEETING
TOP HORSES
AND JOCKEYS
WILL BE IN ACTION

HAN, THIS IS
INTERESTING NEWS!
THEY STILL RACE GEE-GEES
OVER THE STICKS THESE DAYS!
IT'LL MAKE A NICE OUTING . . . WIV A
BIT OF POCKET-PICKIN' ON THE STICK!

FIRST, PEACE HAD TO REACH THE COURSE. HE HAD NEVER TRAVELLED ON A MODERN BUS BEFORE . . .



JOIN THE QUEUE
FOR THE RACE BUSES!
STANDING ROOM
ONLY ON THIS
ONE!

STAND? NOT ME!
THERE'S AN EMPTY SEAT
UP THE FRONT THERE . . . WIV
ITS OWN LITTLE DOOR, AN' ALL!

THE VICTORIAN VILLAIN HAD JUST SETTLED DOWN COMFORTABLY IN THE SEAT. WHEN . . .



HUR, HUR!
THIS IS REAL NICE! BEATS
ME WHY NONE OF THOSE
MUGS IN THE QUEUE
SAT DOWN 'ERE!

I'LL TELL YOU
WHY THEY DIDN'T, FUNNY
MAN . . . BECAUSE IT'S MY
SEAT! I'M THE DRIVER!

CHARLIE WAS YANKED OUT . . .



THINK YOURSELF LUCKY
I'M NOT HANDING YOU
OVER TO THE LAW!

GARN!
OWCH! YOU
COUNT YOUR
BLESSINGS I'M AN
'UNDRED AND FIFTY
YEARS OLD! IF I WAS HALF
ME AGE I'D CUFF YOUR EARS!

ANGERED,
PEACE WALKED
ON . . .



PUT THE LUNCHEON
HAMPER IN THE BOOT,
TOMPKINS, AND THEN
DRIVE ME TO THE
RACECOURSE!

VERY
GOOD, SIR!

AHA!
'THIS LOOKS
MORE LIKE CHARLIE'S
CUP O' TEA! A RIGHT
POSH 'ORSELESS
CARRIAGE THAT IS!

CHARLIE NIPPED UNSEEN INTO THE BOOT OF THE LIMOUSINE AS IT DREW AWAY . . .



I COULDN'T CLOSE THE
BOOT WITH THE HAMPER IN
IT, SIR, BUT IT'S QUITE
SAFE!

I'M IN . . .
NOW I CAN TRAVEL
TO THE RACES WIVOUT
A CARE IN THE
WORLD! HUR, HUR!

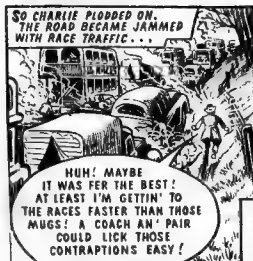
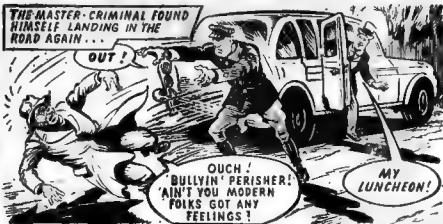
TEN MILES ALONG THE ROAD TO THE RACECOURSE . . .



I SAY, TOMPKINS, THERE'S
AN INTERESTING GRINDING NOISE
COMING FROM THE BOOT!
STOP THE CAR AND
INVESTIGATE!

AT ONCE,
SIR . . .

CONTINUED
OVERLEAF -



PEACE GOT ENTANGLED IN THE PACK
AS THE FLOOR TILTED AGAIN...

HOLD TIGHT, INSPECTOR!
I'M TURNING
STEEPLY!

SWIPE ME, WHAT
A RICKETY OL' 'EAP!
THE WAY IT ROCKS ABOUT,
I WONDER IT STAYS ON THE
PERISHIN' GROUND WIVOUT
FALLIN' OVER!

THEN CHARLIE GOT THE SHOCK OF
HIS LIFE...

OH, LUMME!
IT HASN'T STAYED
ON THE GROUND!
IT'S A FLIPPIN'
FLYIN' MACHINE!

GREAT SCOTT,
WE HAD A
STOWAWAY ON
BOARD!

CHARLIE TUMBLED
TOWARDS THE EARTH-
WAY, WAY BELOW...

OWWWW!

LUCKY
FOR HIM HE
PINCHED THAT
PARACHUTE PACK
OF YOURS,
INSPECTOR!

BY A SECOND STROKE OF GOOD
FORTUNE, CHARLIE HAPPENED
TO PULL THE RIPCORD OF THE
PARACHUTE...

OH 'ECK!
EVEN THIS
P-PERISHIN'
P-PINCHED I
P-PINCHED IS
COMING TO
BITS IN ME
'AND!

THEN-ANOTHER
SURPRISE...

PHEEEEW!
IT'S A FLIPPIN'
UMBRELLA... I'M
F-FLOATIN' DOWN!
AND RIGHT OVER THE
RACECOURSE, TOO!

OOOOUUCH! OW!

HOURS LATER...

I WANTED TO GET
TO THE RACES, ALL RIGHT...
BUT NOT THIS CLOSE! BAH!

WOT A DAY!
I CERTAINLY 'AVE
'AD ME UPS AN'
DOWNS!
GRRR!

TO
LONDON

MORE THRILLS WITH CHARLIE PEACE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

A DEADLY DART CERTAINLY PROVED A PAIN IN THE NECK TO NUTTY!



NUTTY SLACK

The GENTLE GRAPPLER

In America, Natty Slack and Clarence Todworthy were forced to take part in a tag-team contest by some gangsters who had backed the pals' opponents—the Leopard-Men—to win. But Natty lost his temper, knocked out one of the Leopard-Men, then started to attack the other...

CHICK KARGO, THE GANG BOSS, YELLED IN ALARM AS NUTTY TRAPPED THE LEOPARD-MAN IN A TREMENDOUS HEAD-LOCK.

AAAOWW!
YOOOOCH!



QUICK, YOU FOOL... LET HIM HAVE IT! IF SLACK WINS THIS FIGHT WE'LL LOSE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

DOWN A BIT, BOSS! NOW OVER TO THE LEFT! STEADY... RIGHT!

NEXT SECOND, A TINY DART, TIPPED WITH A QUICK-ACTING POTION, SPED TO ITS TARGET...

HEY!

GOT HIM—RIGHT IN THE BACK OF THE NECK!



FFFFFT!

AS THE SLEEP-INDUCING DRUG BEGAN TO TAKE EFFECT, NUTTY'S KNEES BUCKLED...



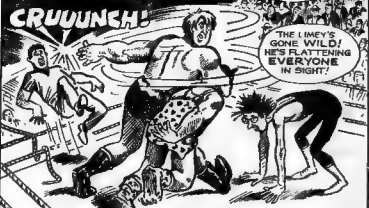
OOER! WHATH' APPENIN'?

SLACK'S STAGGERING ACROSS THE RING, TAKING THE LEOPARD-MAN WITH HIM!

BACK AND FORTH REELED THE GENTLE GRAPPLER...

THERE GOES THE REF!

CRUUNCH!



THE LIMEY'S GONE WILD! HE'S FLATTENING EVERYONE IN SIGHT!

HE FINALLY COLLAPSED—NEAR A RING-POST!



I FEEL... ALL FUNNY...!

BOINKING!

GNNNNNF!



THE LIMEYS HAVE WON! YAH-HOOOO!



NUTTY'S BERUDDLED SENSES HAD MADE HIM FORGET HIS DANGER...



AND EVEN AS CHICK KARGO AND HIS MEN BEGAN TO CLOSE IN...

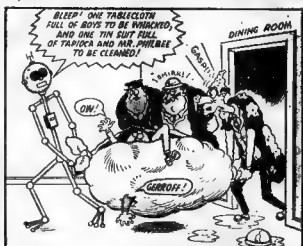
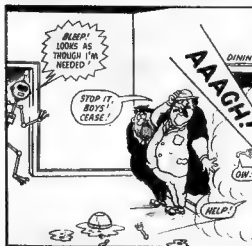
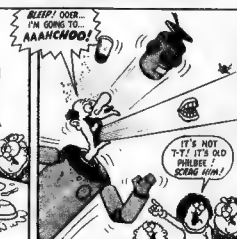
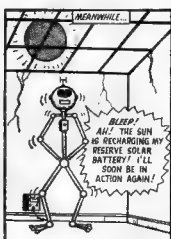
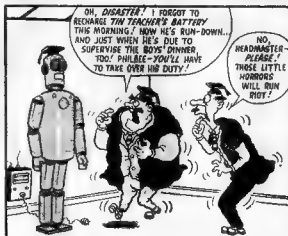
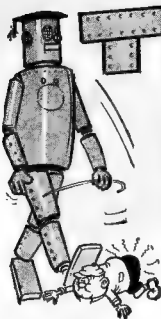
HEY! WHAT'S KING NUTTY BELLOWING ABOUT?



NUTTY'S NOT HIMSELF! IN FACT, HE COULD SOON BE FEELING RUN DOWN! READ ON IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

T-T's BATTERY NEEDS RECHARGING—BUT IT'S THE BOYS' ANTICS THAT FALL FLAT!

TIN TEACHER



TUNE-IN FOR MORE LAUGHS WHEN TIN TEACHER IS COMPUTER-PROGRAMMED IN THE NEXT EDITION!

Hurry for these
four fighting
picture stories

BATTLE PICTURE LIBRARY



FIGHTING TALK No. 341

When everything depends on the success of a vital mission, actions definitely speak louder than words.

PATRIOT ARMY No. 343

Maddock's Marauders and the Polish resistance—in a fight to the finish in beleaguered Warsaw.

SOLDIER ALONE No. 342

On a deserted battlefield, the Sergeant lived a nightmare of doubt and confusion.

ANGER AHEAD No. 344

As spearhead to the Allied advance, Ironside, the veteran Top-Sergeant, had an uncanny instinct for trouble

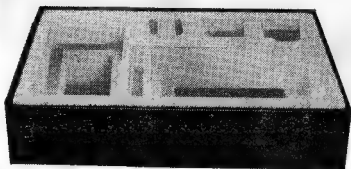
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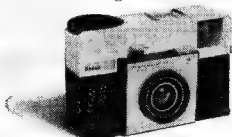
A FLEETWAY Library.

The Box of Clicks

(5 good reasons why
birthdays'll never be the same again.)



You may have heard about Kodak Instamatic cameras. This one's the Instamatic 25. You can load it, wind, and start shooting in a few short seconds.



(We tucked in a carry-cord for show-offs.)



Then there's a flashcube. Clip it on the holder provided and pop off some pictures indoors.

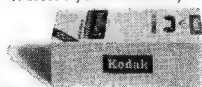


To get you clicking right away, we've included a ready-loaded cartridge of Kodak colour film.

Fifth reason? The whole box of clicks costs around £4. We call it the Kodak Instamatic 25 colour outfit.

Fine.

When's your birthday?

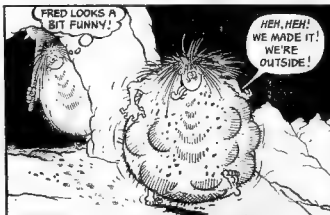
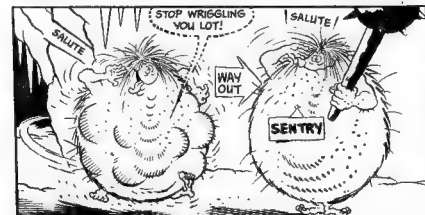
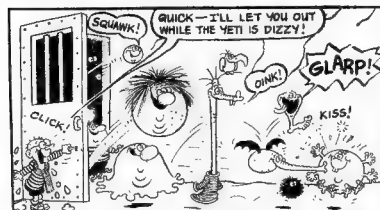
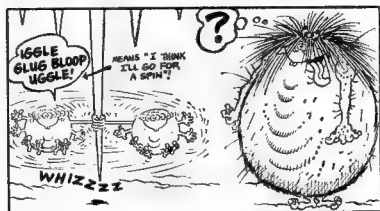
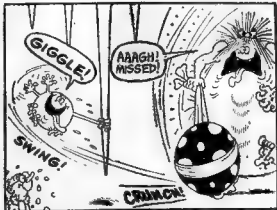


Kodak

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MERVYN'S MONSTERS

Mervyn, boy wonder of M.U.M. (Mervyn's Undercover Monsters), had seized some invisibiliser liquid from the yetis of C.R.U.S.H. (Crafty Rascals' Union of Saboteurs and Hoodlums). All but one of Mervyn's monster pals were captured, then . . .



THE MARVELS WERE BOUND FOR SOUTH AMERICA — IN SENSATIONAL STYLE!



MICKY MARVEL'S MULTI-GUN



Micky Marvel possessed the Multi-Gun, a toy which he alone could change into a real weapon. A huge egg, sent by a friend of Micky's father, hatched out into a baby monster. After Micky had used the Multi-Gun to reduce the creature in size the Marvels decided that they should set off for the Amazon, where similar eggs had been found...

IN ONE OF THE UNDERGROUND WHARVES BENEATH THE MARVELS' CORNISH VILLAGE HOME...



WE'RE ALL PACKED AND READY TO GO, DAD!

RIGHT, MICKY! I'LL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I'VE FINISHED CHECKING THE FUEL-TANKS OF THE AQUA-BUR.

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

THERE! I'VE INCREASED HER SPEED AND FLYING-ABAND, WHICH MEANS WE'LL ONLY HAVE TO MAKE ONE STOP BETWEEN HERE AND SOUTH AMERICA.

I'VE MADE SOME SANDWICHES FOR THE TOP DOG MARVEL!



A LAST FAREWELL TO THEIR HOUSEKEEPER — AND THE MARVELS WERE ON THEIR WAY!



NOW DON'T FORGET TO CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES IF YE GET WET, MICKY, AND BE SURE TO WEAR YOUR THICK PYJAMAS AT NIGHT!

GOSH, MRS. BROOKE... WHAT A FUSE! ANYONE WOULD THINK THAT WE WERE GOING HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD!

WE ARE! HA, HA, HA!



SOUTH AMERICA, HERE WE COME! YIPPEEE!

OUTSIDE THE HARBOUR, THE AMAZING LITTLE CRAFT CLIMBED INTO THE AIR...



RETRACTING WATER-WINGS, DAD!

RIGHT, MICKY... HOLD TIGHT!



ADJUSTING TO MAXIMUM JET-BOOST... NOW!

WREE-OWWWW!!

MICKY WATCHED THE CONTROLS IN EXCITEMENT...

WE'RE TOUCHING 600 MILES PER HOUR, AT THIS RATE, WE'LL REACH THE AMAZON BASIN IN NO TIME!



TIME IS WHAT WE HAVEN'T GOT, MICKY! NOT WITH THAT CREATURE AND ITS LIKE...

FROM AN UNDERGROUND STRONGHOLD, HOODED MEN TRACKED THE AQUA-BUS!





WHAT WILL BE THE OUTCOME OF THE DUEL IN THE SKY? SEE THE NEXT EXCITING EPISODE!

CLUB TIME AGAIN...

HI, MATES! Not in my smashing Club yet? Then be sure you don't miss next week's issue, 'cos I'll be printing the Free Joining Form! I'll tell you how you can get our Club Badge, too, and for members old and new there'll be a super competition, with some really special prizes!

So whatever you do, don't miss next Monday's Club Page. And now for this week's merry meeting.

Your old pal,

Buster



PRIZES for Birth Dates

LOOK what you could win, chums! Disguise Outfit, Pocket Knife, Fountain Pen, Model Vintage Car Kit, Writing Folder. There's something to please everyone there and you can have any one of those prizes if the exact day, month and year of your birth is among those listed, and providing you sent in to join my Club before Monday, 8th April! If you're sure your date's on show, write your full name, address and date of birth on a postcard, then solve this easy puzzle. All you have to do is add the letter B somewhere to each of these words to turn them into entirely different ones.

RAKE TALE READ ALUM

List the four new words neatly on your postcard, print "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top left corner (address side) and post to reach the Club by Thursday, 25th April. Overseas members have until 15th August, and remember, you cannot win a Birth Date Award more than once! Dates are sometimes repeated, but this is only for the benefit of newcomers to the Club. More prizewinning birth dates next week!

THIS WEEK'S WINNING LIST

7th November, 1958

18th April, 1960

29th July, 1955

22nd March, 1959

26th January, 1956

11th September, 1957



BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB

PALS OF YOURS?



Below is Richard Pryce, from Llanfyllin. He likes helping out on his uncle's farm, and playing football with his chums.



Meet Gary McDonough, of Bootle. He's 9 years old and his hobbies are reading, collecting stamps, and drawing.

From Walkden, here's John Mikosek. His many interests include drawing, painting, physics, chemistry - and reading BUSTER!



From you to me...

I give cash awards for letters printed on Club Page. Have I heard from YOU?

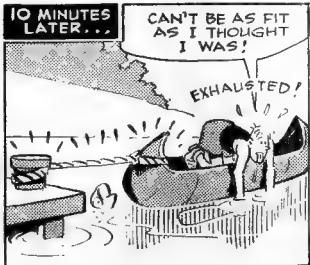
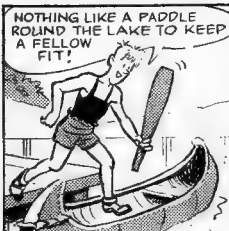
"Mum and Dad promised me a puppy when I was old enough to look after him properly," writes Peter Churchill, of Rainham, "and I chose a Dalmatian as my favourite breed. Ever since then we've been looking for Dalmatian pups for sale, but we couldn't find them anywhere. Then one day I got the measles. Mum took one look at my spots and said, 'Who needs a Dalmatian!'"

Anne Hewines writes from Sutton Coldfield: "My aunt has a 15-year-old budgerigar which has rheumatism in its wings and cannot fly: but sometimes he forgets, falls on the floor, and cannot get back to his cage. Because of this, my aunt had a narrow four-foot ladder built which the bird quickly scampers up to get back into his cage."

John Dunnett, who lives in Wick, also owns an adventurous budgie. "He flew right into the fire about a week ago," writes John, "and was lucky to land on a black peat in the middle of the glowing peats. He flew out quickly, but one of his claws was burnt and his feathers singed. I'm glad to say he's better now, and singing away merrily." I hope he learned his lesson about "playing with fire," John!

★ MY ADDRESS: Buster's Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.) ★

KEEP FIT FRED



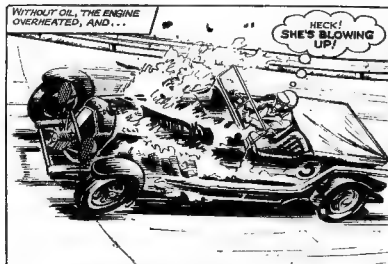
THE BOOMED RACER SMASHED THROUGH THE BARRICADE — AND LAUNCHED INTO SPACE!



The SKID KIDS



Racing driver Simon Starr and his inventor pal, "Brainbox" Cox, had travelled to Italy to put through its paces a vintage car which Brainbox had "hotted" up. Unfortunately, Simon drove the car away before Brainbox had quite finished preparing it for action...



WITHOUT OIL, THE ENGINE OVERHEATED, AND...

HECK! SHE'S BLOWING UP!



THE RACER HURTLED OVER THE BANKING, COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL...

DO I JUMP... OR DO I HOLD TIGHT? SHE'S GOING TO COME DOWN WITH A TERRIFIC WALLOP!



SIMON'S SPECTACULAR CRASH HAD BEEN SEEN FROM THE CONTROL TOWER, AND RESCUE TEAMS RUSHED TO THE SPOT...

THAT'S WHERE HE WENT OFF THE TRACK! PULL UP NOW!



BRAINBOX COX LED THE SEARCH FOR THE YOUNG RACE ACE...

WHERE IS SIMON? HE'S NOT IN THE DRIVING SEAT!



SUDDENLY...

I'M OVER HERE! IT MAY NOT HAVE BEEN THE CLEANEST PLACE TO FALL INTO... BUT I'M SURE IT WAS THE SORTEST!



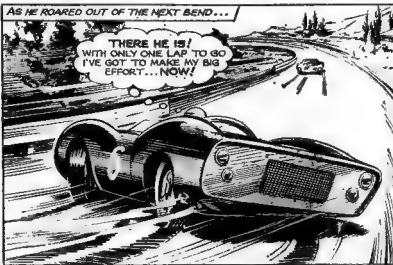
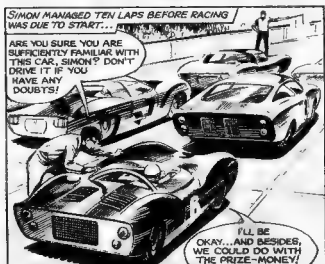
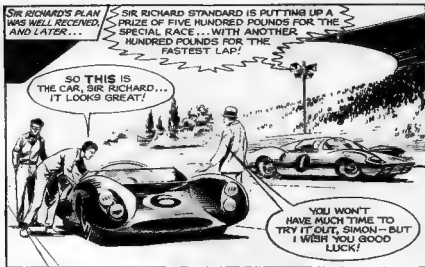
SORRY, SIMON! I-I HADN'T PUT ANY OIL IN THE ENGINE... THE CAR JUST RAN UNTIL IT BURNED OUT!

THE FAULT WAS ALL MINE, PAL... I SHOULDN'T HAVE DRIVEN OFF BEFORE I GOT THE OKAY FROM YOU, ANYWAY!



SIR RICHARD STANDARD ARRIVED ON THE SCENE, TOO...

WELL, THIS IS THE END OF THE CHALLENGE I MADE TO BACK YOUR VINTAGE RACER AGAINST MODERN CARS... WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHETHER IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A WINNER OR NOT!



CAN SIMON SNATCH VICTORY? READ ON IN THE NEXT ACTION-PACKED NUMBER!

BUSTER Giggles

**STAR PRIZES
TO BE WON
EVERY WEEK!**



MODEL AIRCRAFT KIT

GIANT
JIGSAW
PUZZLE



PAINTING-BY-
NUMBERS SET



CHARM
BRACELET

WALLET
OF BALL-
POINT PENS

Send your joke on a postcard to:
"BUSTER Giggles",
FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, E.C.4.

A PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO
THE SENDER OF EACH OF THE
EIGHT JOKES PUBLISHED.

(When similar jokes are received, the
first one to be judged will be awarded
the prize.)

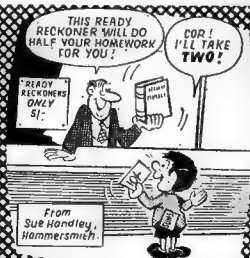
MY THREE FAVOURITE
FEATURES ARE:

- 1
 - 2
 - 3
- If I win, the gift I choose is:

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON
ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR
POSTCARD.



From
H. Smithers,
Gosport.



From
Sue Handley,
Hammersmith



From
T. Oddie,
Manchester.



From
Karen Moore,
Bracknell.



From
J. Gilbert,
Liverpool.



From
I. Matherson,
Glasgow.



From
J. Green,
Clacton.



From
C. Day,
Welting.



Neptune's Warning!

TOM ARTO took a trip to the seaside in an airliner. He was being only half inclined to go, and kept one foot on the ground all the way.

Reaching his destination, he received half his are back on account of having walked part of the distance. Then he went to the beach to fill his lungs with air and his socks with sand.

Tom took a deep breath of the sea breeze and let it out again in case somebody else wanted some.

He was standing near the shallows on a quiet stretch of sand when suddenly he heard a cry.

"Hey!"
Tom looked down and saw a kipper with its shoulders half out of the water.
"Did you speak?" the special agent asked politely.

"Yes," replied the kipper.
"Aren't you afraid of getting cold with your shoulders out of the water?" asked Tom, knitting his eyebrows with concern.

"Not me! I'm tough!" responded the kipper. "Are you Tom Arto?"

"Yes."
"You're wanted."

"Where?"
"Down below on the bed of the ocean."

"But I'm not ready for bed," said Tom.
"Never mind that! Come on—it's important!"

With that the kipper dived under the water and was lost to view.

Tom had no diving suit, but he had brought with him a good waterproof raincoat and he could wear that.

He also equipped himself with a candle and a box of matches in case it should be dark on the sea bed.

Luckily, Tom hadn't visited his barber for weeks, so he wouldn't be short of "hair" in the sea.

Walking to the end of the pier, he slipped cycle-clips around his ankles to prevent the water running up his trousers. Then the super special agent took a running jump. There was a splash, and Tom sank out of sight.

It took him so long to reach the bottom that he began to wish that he had brought something to read on the way down.

Eventually, he arrived on the ocean bed. Actually, it had just been freshly made as all the fish had been up hours before.

Tom was met by a stout man wearing a seaweed skirt and carrying a toasting fork.

"Good morning!" said the fellow. "Damp weather we're having."

"Who are you?" asked Tom.
"Neptune, King of the Sea," responded the tubby one.

"You sent for me?"

"Yes. Come to my palace. My feet are hurting and I want to get these boots off. I've just had them mended with lemon soles and conger eels."

"How do we get to your place?" asked Tom.
"It's hard work walking through water!"

"I know," agreed his companion. "I'll call for transport."

Moments later, four flat fish flapped into view. The king stood on two, and Tom did likewise.

"Fine skates, eh?" scoffed the king. "I bet you've always wondered how they got their name!"

"Actually, nothing surprises me here in the depths," admitted Tom. "Why, on my way down I honestly heard a dogfish bark!"

Reaching Neptune's palace they passed through a guard of honour of swordfish with their swords crossed.

"Now," said Neptune, releasing his skates. "I have sent for you because we have discovered a plot."

"A plot?"

"Yes. Whenever a ship passes above us we manage to get close enough to hear what's going on on deck. Little Bertie Bloater saw a vessel today, put his ear to shore, and discovered a cunning plan."

"What's the plan?"

"A ship from the Spanish Armada has only just arrived off the English coast; it got lost on the way and the captain thinks he's here first—

ahead of his companions. He says he'll play ducks with Drake. He's too late—the battle's over. He'll find the loss is his."

"Fried the sausages?"

"Not fried the sausages—find the loss is his! It's taken him all these years to get here, and he thinks he's going to take Sir Francis Drake by surprise."

Neptune rang a bell and a brawny man entered.

"This is George," said King Neptune. "He's the man who pushes the tide in. His brother pulls it back. Been doing it for years. Tell Tom Arto what you know about the Spanish plan, George. It won't take long."

"Yes, sir," voiced George. "They have a long plank and fifteen strong men. When I push the tide in today, they intend to shove the plank behind it and give it an extra push."

"I see."

"No. Our sea," said George. "This means that the tide will go in about a mile farther than usual, wetting everybody's feet and causing them to take off their boots. Then the Spaniards plan to rush ashore and tickle all the people's feet with feathers. They think that the screams of laughter will attract Sir Francis Drake, and when he comes rushing along all they'll need to do is tap him on the head with a cannonball. They will then hoist a Spanish onion and it will all be over!"

"There'll be a bit of a stink about this," said Tom.

TOM KNITTED HIS EYEBROWS



"There certainly will be if the onion goes up," said Neptune. "Can you help us, Tom?"

"Yes," replied our hero. "I want to borrow some water."

"You're not going to start an ocean of your own, are you?" asked Neptune anxiously.

"No. I want to borrow some sea," stated Tom. "I'll return it tomorrow. Have you anything I can carry it away in?"

There are a few empty salmon tins thrown overboard from passing ships.

"Fine!" said Tom, and got busy.

The enemy worked to their plan. They gave the tide an extra push, but Tom had taken away so much sea in salmon tins that it did not even go as far as usual, let alone farther.

When the Spanish invaders came ashore with their feathers, everybody had their boots on, so it had no effect. And, instead of catching Drake, they were met by the local mayor who felled them like ninpins and tied them up with his chain of office.

Tom was thanked, and Bertie Bloater was presented with a book on singing, so that he would be able to sing up and down his own scales.

If you thought there was something fishy about the story, it's because it was full of red herrings!

(Make a date with Tom Arto again in the next issue of "BUSTER AND GIGGLE"! It will be on sale Monday, 22nd April!)

SUBBUTEO TABLE SOCCER

THE REPLICA OF ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Here is a game where victory or defeat depends upon the skill of the player with fingertip control. COMPLETE with goals, balls etc. and teams available in all League Club colours. Played with 22 miniature men. All the thrills of real League Cup and International Football: dribbling, corner and penalty kicks, offside, goal saves, etc.

PRICES 18/3, 19/11, 49/11

NEW SUBBUTEO CONTINENTAL

editions with 00 Scale Teams, hand-painted in all League colours, on duotone coloured bases, etc.

INTERNATIONAL 119/6 FLOODLIGHTING 89/11 CLUB 50/11 DISPLAY 28/11

Please ask at your local Sports or Toyshop or Department Store. In case of difficulty write for literature and list of stockists to:

SUBBUTEO (Dept 56) Langton Green Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

FREE 20 diff. GREAT BRITAIN LARGE COMMEMORATIVES (A few of which are shown here)

Send a 4d. stamp for postage and ask to see our famous PICTORIAL DISCOUNT APPROVALS.

Approvals are not sent outside the British Isles but this offer can be had for 3/4 to those not wanting our approvals.

(Please tell your parents you are applying)

THE WULFRUNA STAMP CO. (BT83), 33 TRINITY ST., DORCHESTER, DORSET

HEY, PALS!

My popular fun-paper is selling out faster every week! So avoid disappointment, and place a regular order for...

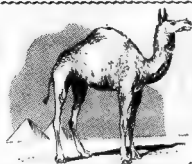
BUSTER and Giggle 7s



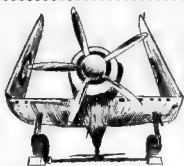
SMILER



TEST YOURSELF... THEN TRY THESE PUZZLES ON YOUR FRIENDS!



1. SPOT THE ARTIST'S DELIBERATE MISTAKE!



2. WHY IS IT BUILT WITH FOLDING WINGS?

3. SHE NURSED WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND WAS KNOWN AS 'THE LADY WITH THE LAMP'. WHO WAS SHE?



WHAT DO YOU KNOW?



4. NAME THIS WELL-KNOWN STORY CHARACTER!



5. ONE'S A DALMATIAN — WHICH?



6. THIS TYPE OF PADLOCK IS A — ?

7. A THERMOMETER, A BAROMETER OR A MICROMETER — WHICH IS IT?

SOLUTIONS BELOW



1. The Arabian camel, 2. To allow for easy storage aboard an aircraft carrier, 3. Florence Nightingale, 4. Robinson Crusoe, 5. The dog on the right, 6. Combination padlock, 7. A barometer.

Look what Neville Stephenson (16) is doing now!

Junior Corporal Neville Stephenson is a junior leader, living like a man while he learns to lead men.

All sports and hobbies are free in the Army. Neville goes canoeing on the Wye as often as he can; already he's learned to shoot rapids.

Neville gets masses of sport. He plays Rugby for his Company — as part of his training!




To: Army Careers, MP6(A), Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London W.1.
Please send me full details of Junior Entry Scheme.

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN

COUNTY

DATE OF BIRTH

(You must be resident in the U.K.)

161450401

As one of tomorrow's NCOs, Neville has got to be tough. And he's got to know all the Army skills — tactics, shooting, map reading, radio operating and the rest.

You could join him.

Ask Neville about Junior Entry, and he says joining was the best thing he ever did. He's got an exciting job, secure prospects, good pay and ten weeks' paid holiday a year. Want to know more? If you're between 15 and 17 send in this coupon. It commits you to nothing.

THE ROCKET SOARED ALOFT—BUT WITHOUT ITS PASSENGER!



PATCH-EYE HOOKER

Terror of the seas

PATCH-EYE HOOKER WAS THE MOST WANTED PIRATE IN THE CARIBBEAN. ONE OF HIS MEN HAD BEEN CAPTURED AND WAS FORCED TO GUIDE GOVERNMENT FORCES TOWARDS PATCH-EYE'S ISLAND HIDE-OUT. MEANWHILE, HOOKER'S CABIN BOY HAD LIT THE FUSE TO SEND INVENTOR TOBIAS FLAGON ON AN INCREDIBLE JOURNEY... TO THE MOON!



ROARING FIRE CAME FROM THE ROCKET

THE GLARE—THE FLAMES! 'TIS OVERPOWERING!



BUT WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED...

TOBIAS! YOU'RE STILL HERE! WHAT HAPPENED?

AN UNFORTUNATE ERROR IN MY ARITHMETICAL CALCULATIONS AND I FORGOT TO SECURE MYSELF SUFFICIENTLY WELL TO THE ROCKET! SEE—IT TRAVELS ALONE, BUT NOT TO THE MOON, I FEAR!



A GREAT SHIP WAS MOVING STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE ISLAND WHEN THE DAZZLING LIGHT EXPLODED ABOVE IT. EVEN TRAINED FIGHTING MEN WERE TAKEN ABACK BY THE HAPPENING IN THE SKY...

'TIS MAGIC! YONDER ISLAND IS BEWITCHED!

AHE, THEY DO SAY HOOKER EMPLOYS A WIZARD TO PROTECT HIM WITH MYSTIC DEVICES!

I WISH I WERE SAFELY BACK IN FORT ROYAL!



BACK ON THE ISLAND...

AH, WELL... 'TIS NO LOSS THAT I FAILED TO MAKE THE JOURNEY AS I WOULD NOT HAVE REACHED THE MOON, AFTER ALL! PERHAPS... NEXT TIME...

TOBIAS! THERE'S A SHIP OUT THERE AND IT ISN'T THE FIREBRAND!



WILL QUICKLY SUMMED UP THE SITUATION

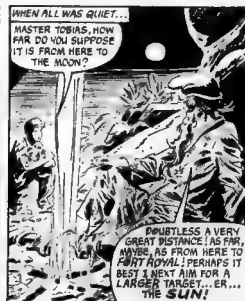
THE ISLAND IS BEING ATTACKED AND THERE'S NO ONE BUT US TO DEFEND IT! TOBIAS, WE MUST ACT IN HASTE!



PATCH-EYE HOOKER... ABOARD THE 'FIREBRAND' FAR OUT TO SEA HAD ALSO SEEN THE STRANGE GLARE...

WHAT WAS THAT? WAS OLD FLAGON BLOWN HIMSELF UP AT LAST?

WHATEVER HAPPENED, THE LIGHT REVEALED A STRANGE SHIP IN THE BAY, CAPN! A MAN-OF-WAR BY THE CUT OF HER!



THRILL TO A NEW ADVENTURE OF PATCH-EYE — STARTING IN THE NEXT "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

WHEN THE FARMER THINKS HE'S DISCOVERED OIL, THE OUTLOOK'S ONLY BLACK!

CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE



A FLOOD TURNS THE TIDE IN CRUNCHER'S FAVOUR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

"Costumes from Europe"

12 free cut-out models with Kellogg's Corn Flakes



On every packet of Kellogg's Corn Flakes you'll find one of these full-colour, self-standing cut-out models accurately dressed in national costume. Details about the costumes and their country of origin are on the packet side panels. Each model is 6" high or more.

COLLECT THESE 12 DIFFERENT MODELS

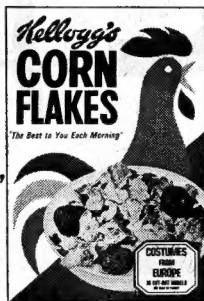
Male

Albania
Austria
Hungary
Italy
Ukraine
Yugoslavia

Female

Czechoslovakia
France
Germany
Netherlands
Norway
Poland

**LOOK
FOR THE
'COSTUMES
FROM
EUROPE'
SERIES
ON THIS
PACKET**



FISHERMEN PANICKED AS THE AWESOME INSECT SURFACED BEFORE THEIR EYES!

PERIL FROM BELOW

Huge insects had emerged from a remote Welsh valley during oil drilling operations and were terrorising the country. Dr. Dick Rivers had a theory that the creatures were affected by the ultra-violet rays of the sun and only surfaced at night or when the weather was dull. But one sunny evening . . .

THE TWO FISHERMEN DROPPED THEIR LINES AND FLED IN PANIC AS THE GREAT CREATURE FLOUNDERED TO THE SURFACE OF THE CANAL . . .

ARRGH!
IT'S ONE OF
THEM!



THE EVENING SUN
GLISTENED ON THE
CREATURE'S BACK AS IT
STRUGGLED UP THE BANK...



IT WAS STILL STRUGGLING
WHEN THE LIGHT PLANE
CARRYING DOCTOR DICK
RIVERS TO AN EMERGENCY
MEETING IN LONDON FLEW
OVER IT SOME FIVE MINUTES
LATER . . .

BY GEORGE!
LOOK DOWN THERE,
MISS PENFOLD!

IT'S ONE
OF THOSE
BRUTES! BUT
IT LOOKS
SMALLER
SOMEHOW!



IS IT MY
IMAGINATION,
OR IS IT
SHRINKING
IN SIZE?



BY JINGO!
YOU'RE
RIGHT—
IT IS!



HEY, LOOK!
THE SUN IS
STILL UP! THIS
MAY BE THE
CHANCE TO
PROVE MY
THEORY!

YOU MEAN
THAT SOME PART
OF THE SUN'S
RAYS DESTROYS
THEM?



THAT'S
ABOUT IT! GET
ME DOWN AS QUICK
AS YOU CAN! MAYBE
I CAN TAKE THIS
ONE ALIVE!



NO SOONER HAD THEY LANDED THAN TWO FRIGHTENED FIGURES STAGGERED INTO THE FIELD...

KEEP AWAY FROM THE CANAL! ONE OF THOSE MONSTERS IS THERE!

BIGGER THAN A BUS! TERRIBLE IT IS!

GET STATEMENTS FROM THESE TWO, MRS. WHILE I GO ALONG TO THE CANAL!

HECK! TOO LATE! IT'S GONE!

SCRAMBLING THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH, DICK RIVERS FOLLOWED THE TANGLED LINE.

THERE IT IS—JUST ABOUT ON ITS LAST LEGS!

BUT BY THE TIME HE REACHED THE OTHERS, THE CREATURE WAS DEAD...

ONE OF YOU NEARLY MADE THE CATCH OF A LIFETIME! STILL, I THINK I'VE GOT ENOUGH TO GO ON!



WAIT A TICK! THAT TANGLED FISHING LINE IS MOVING!



AND LATER, AT WHITEHALL...

YOU SAY THIS ONE TOOK A LITTLE TIME TO PERISH, YET THE OTHERS DIED INSTANTLY?

IT COULD BE BECAUSE THE SUN'S RAYS ARE NOT SO POWERFUL WHEN IT IS SETTING! WITH YOUR PERMISSION I'D LIKE TO GO AHEAD AND BUILD A POWERFUL ULTRA-VIOLET MACHINE!

I MIGHT BE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE, BUT IT SHOULD ONLY TAKE A DAY OR SO WITH THE TOP BRAINS TO HELP ME GET SUCH A GADGET GOING!

HOPES THAT THE SUN SHINES ALL THE TIME, AND THAT WHATEVER OTHER METHODS YOU HAVE, KEEPS THEM AT BAY AT NIGHT!



BUT THE CREATURES ARE PRACTICALLY IN LONDON! WHAT DO WE DO IN THE MEANTIME?



FROM LONDON, DICK RIVERS WENT TO THE ROYAL AIRCRAFT ESTABLISHMENT AT FARNBOROUGH, TO WORK NIGHT AND DAY WITH OTHER BOFFINS ON HIS PROJECT, AND LATE IN THE AFTERNOON OF THE FOURTH DAY...

DONE IT, DOC P

YES! ONCE IT'S INSTALLED WE'RE ALL SET TO MOVE! A FEW HOURS SLEEP AND THEN WE'LL TAKE OFF AND STOOGIE AROUND TONIGHT AND FIND A MONSTER TO TRY IT OUT ON!

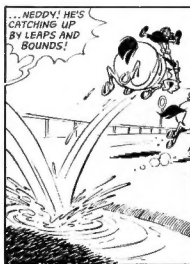
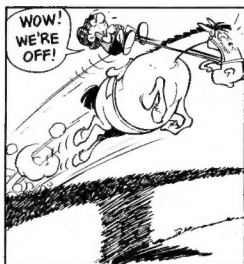
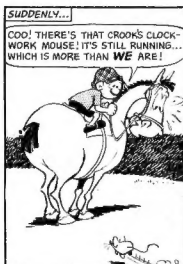
BUT THERE WAS TO BE NO REST FOR DICK RIVERS...

WHAT?

IN THE HAMMERSMITH AREA? I'LL GET RIVERS RIGHT AWAY, SIR!



WILL DICK'S MACHINE HALT THE ADVANCING MENACE? DON'T MISS THE NEXT ALL-ACTION EPISODE!



IN THE NEXT ISSUE, BUSTER DREAMS OF AN EARLY STEAM ENGINE! IT'S ALL GO-GO-GO!